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truce made at Florence in 1438, and immediately disclaimed by the Greeks, was the first raising of the standard of rebellion against Rome!

Our space warns us to conclude these remarks. We must, however, say a word more, to which we invite attention.

Dr. Cullen charges us with disguise; we want to have no disguise with Dr. Cullen. There are, at this moment, many thousands of intelligent Roman Catholics reading our pages, and who will, we foretell, notwithstanding his denunciation, read this: we will not disguise the fact. Now, we do not want to have our arguments read in the dark, and unanswered. If what we give our readers be dangerous or erroneous, Dr. Cullen would, of course, like to guard these Roman Catholics from danger and error. If our "attacks" are, indeed, as "vain and frivolous" as Dr. Cullen says—if we do, indeed, labour under such a "want of real argument"—it would, of course, be easy to expose us to our readers. What plan could Dr. Cullen devise so effectual as that of exposing us in our own pages?

We are now going to make a proposal to Dr. Cullen, which will show that we are anxious to promote fair discussion, and, if possible, lead our fellow-countrymen to the truth.

We are willing to place at Dr. Cullen's disposal, in every number of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, to the end of this year, four columns of our pages, in which he may expose, as he thinks fit, our "vain and frivolous attacks."

If Dr. Cullen will name any Roman Catholic Priest to perform this duty, we will treat the reverend gentleman's communications with the greatest courtesy; and we will print whatever he may send us, in answer to our attacks, free of all expence to Dr. Cullen. We shall require the manuscript on the first day of each month, according to our rule, on which day we will, if required, give a written receipt for it.

If Dr. Cullen accept our offer, he will, then be enabled to show where the want of real argument lies; and, if he does not, why our readers must only guess at it. We are persuaded that the next number of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN will be looked for with the deepest interest.

In the meantime, we forgive Dr. Cullen the wrong he has tried to do us, with all our hearts; and shall not cease to feel towards him what true Christians should, even when our sense of duty and allegiance to the sacred cause of truth compel us firmly and fearlessly to expose his fallacies, and answer his arguments, equally regardless whether he shall again assail us with undeserved calumny, or submit, in "silent patience," to our criticisms, or accept our well-meant offer, and turn our own pages on ourselves. It will be for others, not for us (whatever course he may think fit to take), to decide whether our strictures on the Church of Rome are or are not vain and frivolous, or whether our arguments be real or unreal; but this, at least, we must repeat, that if our arguments be not answered, we shall persist, and, we doubt not, our readers will agree with us, in deeming them unanswerable. As to the motives for such refusal, we think we may safely calculate that our readers will deem it more reasonable to attribute the silence of Dr. Cullen and his clergy to the timid policy of shrinking from a full and fair discussion, in which it is possible that they might be defeated, than to attribute it to that "patient resignation to the trials and probations of the world" which Dr. Cullen so pathetically describes, but which is, alas, so little in unison with the attitude and habits of the Roman Catholic Church in other countries, where their "authority to crush error" is better recognised, and the *benign sway* of Rome has been so often and so sadly illustrated and recorded in the annals of the prisons of Tuscany and the dungeons of the Inquisition.

#### TALK OF THE ROAD.—No. XXXIV.

"WELL, man, it's long since I saw you," said Jem, "for I was up the country; and how is it with you at all?"

"Why, then, it's well enough, and it's bad enough," said Pat.

"And is it done it you did?" said Jem.

"I done it," said Pat, "and I'll stick up to it now, come what will on me."

"Tell me about it now," said Jem.

"Well, I just went to Mr. Owens' Church, like a man," said Pat; "and I went three Sundays, night and morning, and no harm come on me at all; and I was thinking, 'maybe it's not so hard, after all; maybe I'm as safe as the birds.' Well, it was all going smooth, when down comes one Doctor Marshall, that was once a Protestant clergyman in England, to preach in the chapel. 'Well,' says I, 'if a Protestant clergy turns to us, sure I'll hear why he did it; and to the chapel I goes. Well, who should I see, sitting right fornint the altar, with a big Douay Bible in his hands, but the Rev. Mr. Owens himself. 'Well,' thinks I, 'what will come on it now?' Well, of all the sermons ever you heard, that was the one: it beat ourselves to nothing; and Mr. Owens holding up the Douay Bible fornint him; and sorra one word, good nor bad, Dr. Marshall took out of the Douay Bible, nor no other Bible, from the one end to the other; and, thinks I to myself, if it was the Douay Bible turned you, wouldn't you tell us that, anyway. I'm not going to be worse nor ever I was, thinks I. Well, there was a deal of soldiers there, that was passing through the town, and stopping for Sunday; and when Dr. Marshall began at the Queen in his sermon, the officer just gave them the word, and they all marched out of the chapel, making all the noise you please; and Father Marshall falls to praising the Queen, but not a bit they stopped. Well, that sermon settled me anyway; for sure it's turned his back on the Bible he has, says I, that's the way he's turned. Well, I watched till I seen Mr. Owens going out through the altar rails, and who should up and shake his hand till I thought he would have it off, only Father Corrigan, of Kilbride; for you see he doesn't like a bone in Father John's skin; and so he shook hands with the Rev. Mr. Owens in chapel, afore the congregation; and I mind seeing them two good friends in the relief committee. Well, Mr. Owens comes out, and he goes in the face of all the people to put up a paper on the big tree afore the chapel. Well, he couldn't get it up, and the boys comes round him, and takes the paper, and puts it up for him. Well, and what would it be, only to say he would answer that sermon in church that night. Well, to church I goes; and, sure enough, if the church wasn't full of our own sort, just hundreds of them there. You see he took them so short that the priests could say nothing again it, when the boys was gone out of the chapel. Well, Mr. Owens just answers the sermon out of a face, all out of the Douay Bible; 'that's it,' says I, 'sure that's what I want to hear.' Well, you never seen boys listen better, you could hear a pin drop among them, only one didn't drop, for nobody stirred. Well, when Mr. Owens was done, the boys all got up and was going, without the prayers or the blessing, for they don't get that in chapel, and a decent man stands upon the seat, and, says he, 'stop, boys, there's more'; and with that they all stopped still, like mice, till the prayers and the blessing was done. Well, thinks I to myself, it's a great sight anyway to see the likes of them here."

"Well, it was a great sight, sure enough," said Jem; "but I'm waiting to hear about yourself, Pat, after what you done; sure that's what I want to hear."

"Ain't I coming to myself as fast as I can, if you won't put me out," said Pat. "Well, Mr. Owens gives out that he would preach to them again that night week. So I goes again, of course; and you know, Jem, there is five roads leading up to the church. Well, who would I pass on the road I went, walking back and forrad, about fifty yards from the church, but Father Peter, that's Father John's curate, looking at every one, and taking their names; and I heard after there was a priest on every road. Well, thinks I to myself, sure I'm done now anyway. Well, I goes on to the church, but there wasn't 10 for 100; for sure they durstn't pass the priest. Well, it's with Mr. Smith I was working; and, the next day, I sees Father John riding up to the house; it's done now I am entirely, says I. Well, Father John goes to the house, and he goes away again; and Mr. Smith comes into the field, just looking after the work like; and when he comes to me, says he, 'I don't want you after the night.' 'Well, your honour,' says I, 'sure there is not a boy in the field more willing to work.' 'I don't want you,' says he, 'nor the likes of you;' and with that he goes off. Well, I goes home with the sore heart, and not a hand's turn I done from that day to this, and it's the fortnight to-day; and, oh! Jem, it's the sore thing and the cruel thing to walk the roads, just not to hear the chilid's crying with the hunger, and to steal into the house after dark, and be kept awake with the poor chilid crying. Oh, aren't they the cruel men that won't let the father use his own hands to earn the bit to put into his own innocent children's mouths, and them crying about him with the hunger! Oh, hadn't we enough of that in the famine, and mightn't the

priests feel for us now! Oh, is that the true sense of Scripture, at all at all?" and so poor Pat began to cry like a child over the children.

"And is there nothing for the chilid at all?" said Jem.

"Sorra bit went into their mouths this day; for sure they lived on the one blankit this week, and it's done last night," said Pat.

"Why, then, you'll just bring the craturs down to me this night," said Jem; "for sure I've the praties, and it's the big pot I'll put on, and they will get their bellyfulls this night anyway; so off with you, man, and bid them stop crying."

So Pat went off in a hurry, and Jem hurried home to get on the big pot.

Well, the children turned to at the praties in style; and when Pat had got his share (for the poor fellow was stunted worse than the rest, to give the children what he could), Pat and Jem fell to talking again.

"And what about the birds, Pat?" said Jem.

"Well, it's thinking of that I am always," said Pat. "It doesn't mean we can't be hungry at all; sure, I know that now; but it means something anyway—it means, anyway, that God cares for us; and that He cares for what happens to us; and isn't that something?"

"Well, a man that turns because it's right, might starve all out, and his children too," said Jem.

"There's no denying that now: he might, if it was the will of God," said Pat.

"Well, there was a deal that never read the Bible, and never thought of God in earnest, that died in the famine; and, maybe, some that did," said Jem.

"That's true, anyway," said Pat. "I mind the best Christian ever I knew just died for want of the praties, and his children too."

"And what does it mean at all?" said Jem, "when Jesus Christ says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you?'" (Mat. vi. 33.)

"There is one thing it means, anyway, and no mistake," said Pat; "'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' Oh, Jem, won't you seek that first? Sure, there's no mistake in that? Wasn't it you put me on the reading, and will you let me go alone now?"

"Well, that's just what's troubling me," said Jem; "and there's no mistake in that surely. But what about the rest?"

"Well, then, won't He do what's good?" said Pat. "He won't keep us alive for ever. And why would we ask it? isn't it the poor world for the likes of us? Won't He take us some way? Won't it be sickness or suffering of some sort? Sure it be to be *death*; and what signifies the way? And if He takes us to his glory, sure it won't be breaking his word with us! And, anyway, the words is good enough to make us trust in Him, while He leaves us here; and maybe that's the meaning of it. For sure He won't keep us here for ever; and why would we ask it? And when He takes us out of it, sure his own way is the best; better nor meal, nor praties, nor anything."

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "that's right anyway. Sure, when God pleases to take us, the nothing to eat is no more nor other sickness, when we couldn't eat if we had it. Sure, why does a sick man die, only 'cause he can't eat? and what does it signify if the praties is there? But there is one thing hard on me, Pat; sure if it was God sent the famine I could lie down and die under his hand, and just put my trust in Him through Jesus Christ; but when the priest sends the famine on the chilid, and him with the whiskey punch afore him quite comfortable, sure that's more nor flesh and blood can stand."

"Well, Jem, I'll put my trust in God, for all the priest can do. And sure there is no saying again it, He helped me and the children this night anyway, out of your big pot; his blessing on you, Jem, for the good friend you are. And, sure, if I get through till the praty planting, what will I care for Father John and his calling at the altar. Sure, times is turning for us that way. Sure, Mr. Smith himself would be glad to get me, sooner nor a blackguard at two-and-sixpence that wouldn't do half a day's work of a man like me; but won't I take two shillings afore I go back to the likes of him?"

So Pat and the children went home to do without the blanket; and if we hear of what happens Pat, we will tell it as usual.

#### Correspondence.

##### HINTS FOR DR. CULLEN'S NEXT PASTORAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR.—As you have published rather severe strictures on the authorities cited by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen in favour of the newly defined dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, perhaps you will allow me to suggest some additional arguments, which may have escaped the attention of the Most Rev. Dr., but which probably have had no little weight in bringing about the result which is stated to have given rise to so much exultation at Rome on the 8th December, 1854.

I allude, first, to the revelations made by the Blessed Virgin herself to St. Brigit, which you will find recorded in a large folio Latin volume, entitled the "Revelations of St. Brigid," with notes by Consalvus Durantus, printed at Cologne in 1628, and which Cardinal Bellarmine has referred to in the 4th vol. of his celebrated Controversies.

In the 1st book of these Revelations, cap. ix., p. 11, you will find that the Blessed Virgin expressly revealed it to St. Brigit that her parents "convenerunt earne contra voluntatem suam ex divina dilectione;" and in the 6th book, cap. 49, p. 392, further revealed to her in express terms, "Ego concepta fu fui sine peccato originali et non in peccato." Surely, Mr. Editor, if these revelations were true, they ought to decide the question at once in the affirmative; and there ought to be no doubt whatever on the matter.

The second proof to which I would refer is an equally decisive one, which you will find in Wadding's "Annales Minorum," printed at Rome in 1733, vol. 6, p. 52. It is to this effect: that in the year 1301, when the celebrated John Duns Scotus disputed on the subject before the University of Paris, with such eloquence that he obtained the title of the "Most Subtle Doctor," and induced that learned body to change their opinions on the subject, and make a decree enforcing belief in the newly adopted opinion on all their members, a marble statue of the Blessed Virgin (when he was proceeding to the place of the disputation, and uttered a short prayer beseeching its aid) repeatedly nodded its head in approbation of Scotus's doctrine, to signify that supernatural assistance would not be wanting to him, which mode of confirmation of the doctrine was continued by the image moving its head even to the present day, viz., 400 years afterwards. I add the exact words of the original, to remove all doubt.\*

Surely, Mr. Editor, such miraculous testimonies as these, if they can be relied on, ought to settle the question beyond dispute, and relieve both the Pope and Dr. Cullen from all further difficulty. I should be glad, at least, to know what you think of the matter.

Yours, dear sir, very truly,

A PROTESTANT LOVER OF TRUTH.

[We think, with our correspondent that, if such supernatural testimonies as these could be relied on, they ought to settle the question of the Immaculate Conception beyond dispute; but we happen to be able to show somewhat satisfactorily that neither the one nor the other can be safely depended on.

As to the revelations of St. Brigit we refer our correspondent to our article on Rival Revelations, page 15 of our present number, in which we think we have said enough to prevent such revelations from being very confidently relied on in future.

As to the miraculous nodding statue, we can only say, that we think we have very good authority for holding the whole story of the conversion of the University of Paris, by Duns Scotus, in 1304 (though stated by some respectable church historians), to be a mere fable; in proof of which we shall merely refer to Natalis Alexander, who clearly demonstrates the whole account to be erroneous; first, because no author who was contemporary with Scotus makes any mention of it whatever; secondly, there is no account of it among the Gallican historians, or of the Pope who directed it to be held; thirdly, the names of Scotus's opponents are wholly unknown; fourthly, there is no record of it in the Archives of Paris; and lastly, the decree said to have been occasioned by Scotus's persuasive arguments was not made till 1497, one hundred and eighty-nine years after his death.

If Natale Alexander be right in all this, and he is certainly a writer of a very different stamp from Waddingus, we fear the accompaniment of the nodding marble statue must vanish with the rest of the story, and will not be of much more use in proving the new doctrine than the revelations of St. Brigit, or the spurious passages and panegyrics which Dr. Cullen relied on in the pastoral letter which we ventured to criticise in our last number.]

#### ST. PATRICK'S WELLS AT STRUEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

DEAR SIR.—About a mile from Downpatrick, at a place called Struel (a townland), are situated the famous wells of St. Patrick, so named from the fact, as traditional lore has it, of that holy man having conferred upon them the miraculous properties which for many centuries they have been believed to possess. These wells are four in number, and occupy, at some short distance from each other, the bottom of a valley, which lies at the base of a high and precipitous hill, called Struel Mount. The centre of this valley, for the space of about half an acre, is surrounded by a stone wall, and is called "The Holy Ground." It was once—some eighteen years ago—a pleasant grass plot, but now is cut up into little patches of kitchen gardens. At the northern extremity of it is situated the

drinking well—an ancient circular building, with a doorway for access to the water. This well is used merely for drinking, and has no reputed charm. About the centre of the "holy ground" is the eye well. This is a square building, or vault, with a door-way in one side, where the devotees who seek the cure of some eye-disease kneel and bathe their eyes: the alleged property of this well being the cure of all diseases of the eye, even blindness. The bathing wells, two in number, are at the southern extremity of this enclosure. They differ in no respect as to their miraculous powers, but seem to have enjoyed the distinction that obtains between a plunge and a shower bath—one of them being a regular artificially constructed plunge bath, the other is formed by a rude spout projecting from the wall, about three feet from the ground; here the halt and lame, and the seeker for relief from pains of limb and body, commits his nude corpus to the tender mercies of the aforesaid spout. The plunge bath has been well arranged for immersion. It is approached by a flight of steps, which conduct first to an apartment for undressing; a door from this leads into the bathing-room. A fee was charged for admission here, which made it select; the poorer sort were thus consigned to the "spout." We may add, that the plunge bath has not been used "officially" for several years, and is now occupied as a storehouse for fuel by one of the few Protestants in the hamlet.

Independent of being a noted place for cures of the body, Struel is also honoured with the fame of being profitable for the soul; perhaps in many cases both bodily and spiritual benefit is sought here. But that many come merely for the purpose of doing penance is beyond dispute. The performing of "stations" is done by the devotees walking in single file round the "holy ground," of course encompassing the wells in the circuit. This is called the *long station*, in contradistinction, we suppose, to certain stations which used to be performed inside the "holy ground" when it was a green, and when the circuit was made round several *cairns* which have since been levelled. The usual number of gyrations round the enclosure is seven, but it varies. During "the walk" prayers are repeated and beads told; and on coming round to the northern extremity between the drinking well and the ruins of an old chapel, the votaries kneel down and continue saying prayers for a considerable time. These over, they start to their feet again and perform another gyration, and so on till the appointed number is completed. Then the ascension of the Mount takes place. It is done by the devotees climbing this rugged and precipitous ascent on their *bare knees*. They begin at the base, male and female stripping their knees, and so toiling up to the summit. When they reach St. Patrick's chair (a few large stones placed somewhat in form of an arm chair, and about half way up the Mount) they enter it and make several turns, then proceed on their knee-journey upward. Having reached the summit they rise to their feet, walk down barefooted by a path at some little distance from the line of ascent, and on reaching the bottom return to the starting point, drop on their knees, and repeat the former process as often as their directions have pointed out.

The season for these performances is midsummer eve, and some of the saints' days shortly before and after. But the great occasion is midsummer eve. At 12 o'clock of that night the water is said to overflow; this may have been caused by the number of people *paddling* about the open channel of the current from the eye-well—this being stopped or obstructed would cause a slight swelling in the stream, which, once it has been raised a very little, will naturally flow over a great portion of the ground, as there is a gentle declivity from it.

In the days of Harris, the author of the history of the County Down (A.D. 1744), this object was effected by means of a sluice which retained or transmitted the water at pleasure. At a subsequent period the sluice was withdrawn, and in its place sods substituted, which interested persons removed with their feet at the usual time; and when the expecting devotees saw the water rising in the wells they attributed the phenomena to St. Patrick. Some years ago a respectable inhabitant of Belfast perforated a part of the embankment and let the water escape in another direction, and this disappointed the expectants of the miracle. The wells, of course, remained dry; and in the succeeding years there were but few visitants, comparatively speaking, to this scene of mingled penitence and sensual enjoyment.

Up to a late period these wells were much resorted to. Some thirty years ago, as we have been credibly informed, there could be seen fifty tents pitched in the surrounding fields, wherein whiskey dealers and cooks of potatoes and herrings reaped a rich harvest in ministering to the bodily wants of those who had come from afar on the spiritual errand of doing stations at the wells of St. Patrick; and it not seldom happened that when the spiritual work of one sort had been gone through, a spiritual exercise of another description was entered upon, when the usual consequences followed, as do with the generality of the votaries of our patron saint. So that it sometimes happened that many went away with more fresh wounds made than old sores healed. In these tents, and in the adjoining fields, under the canopy of a pure sky, they spent the whole night indulging in gratifications of no very holy character; for it was understood that while the jubilee continued, and as long as the multitudes remained on the sacred ground, they could not contract new guilt!

Of late years, however, the glory of Struel has much declined. It is now evening twilight with the glory of the holy wells. Would that we could say it is the morning dawn of Gospel light that is breaking in and extinguishing the old earthly flame, by the effulgence of the divine fire from heaven. But we believe that, at least in these parts, it is rather the fear of ridicule which keeps many away, than the true and faithful following of that heavenly light which directs to the only "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness" (Zech. xiii. 1). In the neighbourhood of Struel itself the Roman Catholic population still believe steadfastly in the efficacy of their "holy wells."

I have said that the fame of these wells is declining, but it is not yet gone. It is true the tents have disappeared, and the roads of the district have ceased to be thronged towards midsummer with parties of toil-worn devotees, from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, from towns of England and Scotland. Still, I have been assured by an eye-witness, that last year there were present not fewer than 300 to 400 of those poor people coming for cures, or to do penance. The writer of this saw, but a few years ago, at least two-thirds of that number present at once, some doing stations, some at the wells, and some climbing the mount. Memory still retains a vivid picture of it. The motley groups, some kneeling in a circle, others in long file, performing the gyrations round the "holy ground," some gathered round the eye-well, and some bending over its waters; others hard at work, climbing the "face of the rugged mount." The red kerchiefs, tied over the heads of most of the women, gave an eastern aspect to the scene. But then, here and there, the old knee-breeches costume of many of the men, the frieze coat and sun-browned *caubeen*, brought home our thoughts to our own land, mixing up ideas, howsoever irreverently, of shillelaghs and whiskey. There were present youthful devotees, as well as old; and how the open, innocence-speaking countenances of the young females did contrast with the wizened faces of the old! In young or old, however, the attention was riveted to the work in hand. On, on they went, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and even when a more curious visitor approached closer to the penal path, scarce would a side glance from any evince that they were conscious of aught around them or without them. We may deplore the blindness and the superstition of these poor people; but we must, at the same time, admire the spirit of devotion that actuates them in the discharge of a work that they deem acceptable to God.

In all ages, and in all climes, where the blessed story of the cross is not preached—where the work of the Lord Jesus is not understood—where his precious blood-shedding is not taught and believed to be the alone propitiation, satisfaction, and atonement for sin—men have resorted, and will resort, to the miserable refuge of an accusing conscience—viz., the attempt to propitiate an angry God in whatever way their unaided reason points out. The Hindoo drags his prostrate body along the ground for years, or half-roasts it over some sacred fire to please his God, or at once commits it to the waves of the Ganges, or the wheels of Juggernaut. The Gaelic Druid erected his wicker basket, interwoven with hundred human victims, and committing it to the flames, rejoiced in the holocaust to his God. And those of our poor fellow-countrymen who have not been instructed in the lesson of the cross—who have not heard the good tidings of great joy (Luke ii. 10, 11), that a Saviour was born who saves not only from the punishment of sin (Rom. iii. 5, viii. 1), which the devotees at the wells so vainly attempt to do (Gal. ii. 16), but also saves His people from the *dominion* of sin (Matt. i. 21), how little will the laceration and wounding of the body prevent a recurrence of those very sins for which they are enduring merely corporeal suffering! We know it has failed in civil punishments, as well as in ecclesiastical. But those who come to Jesus, and receive Him into their hearts by faith, undergo a moral change (how sudden or gradual soever it may be); the love of Christ constrains them to a holy and good life. They cannot sin (i.e., wilfully or habitually), because they will not offend Him (1 John iii. 9). They have come to the cross—they have washed in the fountain of Christ's blood—and for evermore their continual care is to keep God's commandments (John xiv. 15). May their fervent daily prayer be, that He will incline them to keep His laws, and write them in their hearts.—Yours, dear sir, very truly,

R. P.

#### HOLY WELLS AND PRIESTS GRAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

DEAR SIR.—Though in some places in Ireland the belief in holy wells is on the wane, and in not a few confined to old people devoid of education, it is still but too true that the rage for holy wells is in many other localities as great as ever. St. Kevin's Well, near Ahascragh, is still visited by great numbers. St. Patrick's Lough is also the resort of thousands on Patrick's Day, in the expectation of being cured of various maladies. Salterstown, or Psalterstown, near Castlebellingham, is also famous for its holy wells.

Pilgrimages are still in great esteem and regularly made by thousands to the holy wells at St. Mullins, near New Ross, where the belief in divers miraculous cures and other superstitions is deeply implanted in the minds of the peasants. In the parish of Clontuskert, in the

\* Wadding's *Annales Minorum*. Roma, 1733, tom. vi., p. 52, A.D. 1804, cap. xxxv.

"Qui de publico hoc ejus congressu scribunt, illud singulare et mirandum commemorant, quod dum ad disputationis locum procederet (Joannes Duns Scotus) coram obvia B. Virginis statua marmorea breviter oraverit, ejusque open expostulari, simulacrum vero, inclinato capite, significavit supernum ei non defuturum auxilium. Communis ita fuit popularis Parisianus traditio, ipsaque imago rem confirmat patenti, et usque ad hodiernum diem, perseverant capitis inclinatione."